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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. XIV. No. 4. **NEW YORK, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1902.** **Whole No. 366.**

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Don't bother about your practice. Preach. It is much more useful. If you are really in love with what you preach, you will practise spontaneously all that it is advisable to practise under the circumstances, and probably a little more. The best men are those who have to try hard not to be good, and sometimes succeed.

There is more Anarchism to be found in the pages of "Life" than in those of any other paper that looks to the general public for support,—more, indeed, than in some papers avowedly Anarchistic. With "Life" in the full tide of prosperity and Liberty re-established under promising auspices, it needs only that some one start a third journal equal to these in excellence, and call it "The Pursuit of Happiness," in order that Americans may enjoy to the full the trinity of blessings which their forefathers of 1776 fought for as "inalienable rights."

In discussing the attitude of organized labor towards the "free" laborer, in a political speech before dense Republicans, Senator Hoar said: "The workman has no right to interfere by violence with the freedom of any workman who does not choose to belong to his union. *He may, undoubtedly, refuse* to work with him. He may, if he please, refuse to associate with him." Even certain quasi-individualists cannot or will not see this plain deduction from the principle of equal liberty! They talk unmitigated rubbish about the right of a man to his job and the tyranny of compelling an employer to discharge a non-union man by threatening to strike or actually declaring a strike. I fear that even Mr. Spencer falls into this absurd error. Senator Hoar, a protectionist and governmentalist, sees this matter more clearly than professed individualists. Industrial boycotting, like any other form of boycotting, is in no wise an invasion of individual liberty.

Meeting the other day a friend whom I had not seen for considerably more than a year, I was asked: "You've been in Europe since I saw you, haven't you?" "Yes," said I. "You went some time last fall, I understand." "About that time. To give the exact date, I sailed from New York on the fifteenth of August, 1901." My friend laughed. "Well, that's funny," said he; "do you know, I met a man last fall (he claims to be an Anarchist, but is an enemy of yours because of your peaceful proclivities) who said that you had been scared blue by the McKinley assassination, and had fled to Europe. I told him that that didn't seem a bit like Tucker, but he answered that he knew what he was talking about, and that he was stating a fact beyond all question." When my "Anarchistic" enemy has learned that I was already in Europe at the time of the assassination, he probably will start a story that I was informed in advance of the tragedy, and ran away as a matter of precaution. But what can you expect? The Communist's refusal to recognize the line that separates mine from thine seems to foster the habit of ignoring the line that separates fact from fiction.

Contrary to the impression which some people have formed, Mr. Baer is a man of sense, whose utterances deserve respectful attention. This appears, for instance, in his judgment of himself. He thinks he is a great public benefactor, especially at the present time. Well, he is. Look at what he has done. Under circumstances which drew universal attention upon his words, he stated in clear-cut terms what would seem, *prima facie*, to be the only plausible explanation for certain conspicuous phenomena in our social life. This statement of his was rejected with loud and contumelious satire by a rare unanimity of public opinion. Now the rejecters find themselves facing an irksome, but useful, necessity; since they do not like Baer's explanation, they must justify their rejection of it by finding an explanation to satisfy themselves. To make them do this is a benefaction that beats all Carnegie's libraries. And Mr. Baer has done this service in a very self-sacrificing way; he has sacrificed one of a man's most cherished possessions,—his reputation for good sense. Here, again, he is the victim of gross injustice; for, of those people who laugh at Baer, not half could give so logical an explanation of the present state of things. Yes, friends, Mr. Baer is just what he thinks he is — a wise, unselfish philanthropist maligned by a short-sighted world.

The chorus of congratulation that has swelled over the entire country, from its eastern to its western shore, in praise of Roosevelt's novel method of settling the coal strike, has been marred only here and there by a note even mildly discordant. None the less is it a most delusive harmony. Whatever the success of the experiment in effecting a satisfactory adjustment of the matters immediately in question, an abundance of serious trouble is sure to follow in its wake, and it was, in any case, a most unjustifiable proceeding. To use, as Roosevelt did, the prestige of his office to enable him to exercise a power utterly beyond the reach of Theodore Roosevelt, private citizen, and not conferred by the constitution or the laws on Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States, was as clearly, in spirit and substance, an act of usurpation as was, both in spirit and in form, the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. Much has been said of late regarding the tendency toward judge-made law, but here we have a new and startling manifestation of president-made law, and press and public accept it almost without question. True, a little doubt found mild expression before the fact. But now the papers say: "Of course, it was a risky thing to do; nevertheless it succeeded, and now all is well. Glory be to Roosevelt!" The truth is, however, that all is very ill, and it is the seeming success that most aggravates the illness. If, through dissent of one party or the other, the plan had fallen through, Roosevelt's reputation, to be sure, would have suffered a decline, but the people's liberties would have remained much safer. As it is, the glamour of success shed upon the usurper has become a long-lasting source of danger, and an encouragement to worse hereafter.

The Ruined Maid.

"O 'Melia, my dear, this does everything crown!
Who could have supposed I should meet you in Town?
And whence such fair garments, such prosperi-ty?"—
"O didn't you know I'd been ruined?" said she.

—"You left us in tatters, without shoes or socks,
Tired of digging potatoes, and spudding up docks;
And now you've gay bracelets and bright feathers three!"—
"Yes: that's how we dress when we're ruined," said she.

—"At home in the barton you said 'thee' and 'thou,'
And 'thik oon,' and 'theäs oon,' and 't' other'; but now
Your talking quite fits 'ee for high compa-ny!"—
"Some polish is gained with one's ruin," said she.

—"Your hands were like paws then, your face blue and bleak,
But now I'm bewitched by your delicate cheek,
And your little gloves fit as on any la-dy!"—
"We never do work when we're ruined," said she.

—"You used to call home-life a hag-ridden dream,
And you'd sigh, and you'd sock; but at present you seem
To know not of megrims or melancho-ly!"—
"True. There's an advantage in ruin," said she.

—"I wish I had feathers, a fine sweeping gown,
And a delicate face, and could strut about Town!"—
"My dear—a raw country girl, such as you be,
Isn't equal to that. You ain't ruined," said she.

Thomas Hardy.

Liberty.

Published Monthly; One Year, 60 Cents; Two Years, $1.00; Single Copies, 5 Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 114 Fifth Avenue, Room 43.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box 1312, New York.

NEW YORK, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1902.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the excisman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

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Enemies of this paper having taken advantage of its temporary suspension to establish another in the same city under the same name, all postal communications of whatever nature, if intended for the genuine Liberty, should be addressed carefully and plainly to P. O. Box 1312, New York City, all non-postal deliveries should be made at 114 Fifth Avenue, Room 43, and all checks, drafts, and money orders should be drawn to the order of Benj. R. Tucker.

The Attitude of Anarchism Toward Industrial Combinations.*

Having to deal very briefly with the problem with which the so-called trusts confront us, I go at once to the heart of the subject, taking my stand on these propositions: That the right to co-operate is as unquestionable as the right to compete; that the right to compete involves the right to refrain from competition; that co-operation is often a method of competition, and that competition is always, in the larger view, a method of co-operation; that each is a legitimate, orderly, non-invasive exercise of the individual will under the social law of equal liberty; and that any man or institution attempting to prohibit or restrict either, by legislative enactment or by any form of invasive force, is, in so far as such man or institution may fairly be judged by such attempt, an enemy of liberty, an enemy of progress, an enemy of society, and an enemy of the human race.

Viewed in the light of these irrefutable propositions, the trust, then, like every other industrial combination endeavoring to do collectively nothing but what each member of the combination rightfully may endeavor to do individually, is, *per se*, an unimpeachable institution. To assail or control or deny this form of co-operation on the ground that it is itself a denial of competition is an absurdity. It is an absurdity, because it proves too much. The trust is a denial of competition in no other sense than that in which competition itself is a denial of competition. The trust denies competition only by producing and selling more cheaply than those outside of the trust can produce and sell; but in that sense every successful individual competitor also denies competition. And if the trust is to be suppressed for such denial of competition, then the very competition in the name of which the trust is to be suppressed must itself be suppressed also. I repeat: the argument proves too much. The fact is that there is one denial of competition which is the right of all, and that there is another denial of competition which is the right of none. All of us, whether out of a trust or in it, have a right to deny competition by competing, but none of us, whether in a trust or out of it, have a right to deny competition by arbitrary decree, by interference with voluntary effort, by forcible suppression of initiative.

Again: To claim that the trust should be abolished or controlled because the great resources and consequent power of endurance which it acquires by combination give it an undue advantage, and thereby enable it to crush competition, is equally an argument that proves too much. If John D. Rockefeller were to start a grocery store in his individual capacity, we should not think of suppressing or restricting or hampering his enterprise simply because, with his five hundred millions, he could afford to sell groceries at less than cost until the day when the accumulated ruins of all other grocery stores should afford him a sure foundation for a profitable business. But, if Rockefeller's possession of five hundred millions is not a good ground for the suppression of his grocery store, no better ground is the control of still greater wealth for the suppression of his oil trust. It is true that these vast accumulations under one control are abnormal and dangerous, but the reasons for them lie outside of and behind and beneath all trusts and industrial combinations,—reasons which I shall come to presently,—reasons which are all, in some form or other, an arbitrary denial of liberty; and, but for these reasons, but for these denials of liberty, John D. Rockefeller never could have acquired five hundred millions, nor would any combination of men be able to control an aggregation of wealth that could not be easily and successfully met by some other combination of men.

Again: There is no warrant in reason for deriving a right to control trusts from the State grant of corporate privileges under which they are organized. In the first place, it being pure usurpation to presume to endow any body of men with rights and exemptions that are not theirs already under the social law of equal liberty, corporate privileges are in themselves a wrong; and one wrong is not to be undone by attempting to offset it with another. But, even admitting the justice of corporation charters, the avowed purpose in granting them is to encourage co-operation, and thus stimulate industrial and commercial development for the benefit of the community. Now, to make this encouragement an excuse for its own nullification by a proportionate restriction of co-operation would be to add one more to those interminable imitations of the task of Sisyphus for which that stupid institution which we call the State has ever been notorious.

Of somewhat the same nature, but rather more plausible at first blush, is the proposition to cripple the trusts by stripping them of those law-created privileges and monopolies which are conferred, not upon trusts as corporate bodies, but upon sundry individuals and interests, ostensibly for protection of the producer and inventor, but really for purposes of plunder, and which most trusts acquire in the process of merging the original capitals of their constituent members. I refer, of course, to tariffs, patents, and copyrights. Now, tariffs, patents, and copyrights either have their foundations in justice, or they have not their foundations in justice. If they have their foundations in justice, why should men guilty of nothing but a legitimate act of co-operation and partnership be punished therefor by having their just rights taken from them? If they have not their foundations in justice, why should men who refrain from co-operation be left in possession of unjust privileges that are denied to men who co-operate? If tariffs are unjust, they should not be levied at all. If patents and copyrights are unjust, they should not be granted to any one whomsoever. But, if tariffs and patents and copyrights are just, they should be levied or granted in the interest of all who are entitled to their benefits from the viewpoint of the motives in which these privileges have their origin, and to make such levy or grant dependent upon any foreign motive, such, for instance, as willingness to refrain from co-operation, would be sheer impertinence.

Nevertheless, at this point in the hunt for the solution of the trust problem, the discerning student may begin to realize that he is hot on the trail. The thought arises that the trusts, instead of growing out of competition, as is so generally supposed, have been made possible only by the absence of competition, only by the difficulty of competition, only by the obstacles placed in the way of competition,—only, in short, by those arbitrary limitations of competition which we find in those law-created privileges and monopolies of which I have just spoken, and in one or two others, less direct, but still more far-reaching and deadly in their destructive influence upon enterprise. And it is with this thought that Anarchism, the doctrine that in all matters there should be the greatest amount of individual liberty compatible with equality of liberty, approaches the case in hand, and offers its diagnosis and its remedy.

The first and great fact to be noted in the case, I have already hinted at. It is the fact that the trusts owe their power to vast accumulation and concentration of wealth, unmatched, and, under present conditions, unmatchable, by any equal accumulation of wealth, and that this accumulation of wealth has been effected by the combination of several accumulations only less vast and in themselves already gigantic, each of which owed its existence to one or more of the only means by which large fortunes can be rolled up,—interest, rent, and monopolistic profit. But for interest, rent, and monopolistic profit, therefore, trusts would be impossible. Now, what causes interest, rent, and monopolistic profit? For all there is but one cause,—the denial of liberty, the suppression of restriction of competition, the legal creation of monopolies.

This single cause, however, takes various shapes.

Monopolistic profit is due to that denial of liberty which takes the shape of patent, copyright, and tariff legislation, patent and copy-

* An address delivered by Benj. R. Tucker in Central Music Hall, Chicago, on September 14, 1899, before the Conference on Trusts held under the auspices of the Civic Federation.

right laws directly forbidding competition, and tariff laws placing competition at a fatal disadvantage.

Rent is due to that denial of liberty which takes the shape of land monopoly, vesting titles to land in individuals and associations which do not use it, and thereby compelling the non-owning users to pay tribute to the non-using owners as a condition of admission to the competitive market.

Interest is due to that denial of liberty which takes the shape of money monopoly, depriving all individuals and associations, save such as hold a certain kind of property, of the right to issue promissory notes as currency, and thereby compelling all holders of property other than the kind thus privileged, as well as all non-proprietors, to pay tribute to the holders of the privileged property for the use of a circulating medium and instrument of credit which, in the complex stage that industry and commerce have now reached, has become the chief essential of a competitive market.

Now, Anarchism, which, as I have said, is the doctrine that in all matters there should be the greatest amount of individual liberty compatible with equality of liberty, finds that none of these denials of liberty are necessary to the maintenance of equality of liberty, but that each and every one of them, on the contrary, is destructive of equality of liberty. Therefore it declares them unnecessary, arbitrary, oppressive, and unjust, and demands their immediate cessation.

Of these four monopolies—the banking monopoly, the land monopoly, the tariff monopoly, and the patent and copyright monopoly—the injustice of all but the last-named is manifest even to a child. The right of the individual to buy and sell without being held up by a highwayman whenever he crosses an imaginary line called a frontier; the right of the individual to take possession of unoccupied land as freely as he takes possession of unoccupied water or unoccupied air; the right of the individual to give his IOU, in any shape whatsoever, under any guarantee whatsoever, or under no guarantee at all, to anyone willing to accept it in exchange for something else,—all these rights are too clear for argument, and any one presuming to dispute them simply declares thereby his despotic and imperialistic instincts.

For the fourth of these monopolies, however, —the patent and copyright monopoly,—a more plausible case can be presented, for the question of property in ideas is a very subtle one. The defenders of such property set up an analogy between the production of material things and the production of abstractions, and on the strength of it declare that the manufacturer of mental products, no less than the manufacturer of material products, is a laborer worthy of his hire. So far, so good. But, to make out their case, they are obliged to go further, and to claim, in violation of their own analogy, that the laborer who creates mental products, unlike the laborer who creates material products, is entitled to exemption from competition. Because the Lord, in his wisdom, or the Devil, in his malice, has so arranged matters that the inventor and the author produce naturally at a disadvantage, man, in his might, proposes to supply the divine or diabolic deficiency by an artificial arrangement that shall not only destroy this disadvantage, but actually give the inventor and author an advantage that no other laborer enjoys,—an advantage, moreover, which, in practice, goes, not to the inventor and the author, but to the promoter and the publisher and the trust.

Convincing as the argument for property in ideas may seem at first hearing, if you think about it long enough, you will begin to be suspicious. The first thing, perhaps, to arouse your suspicion will be the fact that none of the champions of such property propose the punishment of those who violate it, contenting themselves with subjecting the offenders to the risk of damage suits, and that nearly all of them are willing that even the risk of suit shall disappear when the proprietor has enjoyed his right for a certain number of years. Now, if, as the French writer, Alphonse Karr, remarked, property in ideas is a property like any other property, then its violation, like the violation of any other property, deserves criminal punishment, and its life, like that of any other property, should be secure in right against the lapse of time. And, this not being claimed by the upholders of property in ideas, the suspicion arises that such a lack of the courage of their convictions may be due to an instinctive feeling that they are wrong.

The necessity of being brief prevents me from examining this phase of my subject in detail. Therefore I must content myself with developing a single consideration, which, I hope, will prove suggestive.

I take it that, if it were possible, and if it had always been possible, for an unlimited number of individuals to use to an unlimited extent and in an unlimited number of places the same concrete things at the same time, there never would have been any such thing as the institution of property. Under those circumstances the idea of property would never have entered the human mind, or, at any rate, if it had, would have been summarily dismissed as too gross an absurdity to be seriously entertained for a moment. Had it been possible for the concrete creation or adaptation resulting from the efforts of a single individual to be used contemporaneously by all individuals, including the creator or adapter, the realization, or impending realization, of this possibility, far from being seized upon as an excuse for a law to prevent the use of this concrete thing without the consent of its creator or adapter, and far from being guarded against as an injury to one, would have been welcomed as a blessing to all, —in short, would have been viewed as a most fortunate element in the nature of things. The *raison d'être* of property is found in the very fact that there is no such possibility,— in the fact that it is impossible in the nature of things for concrete objects to be used in different places at the same time. This fact existing, no person can remove from another's possession and take to his own use another's concrete creation without thereby depriving that other of all opportunity to use that which he created, and for this reason it became socially necessary, since successful society rests on individual initiative, to protect the individual creator in the use of his concrete creations by forbidding others to use them without his consent. In other words, it became necessary to institute property in concrete things.

But all this happened so long ago that we of to-day have entirely forgotten why it happened. In fact, it is very doubtful whether, at the time of the institution of property, those who effected it thoroughly realized and understood the motive of their course. Men sometimes do by instinct and without analysis that which conforms to right reason. The institutors of property may have been governed by circumstances inhering in the nature of things, without realizing that, had the nature of things been the opposite, they would not have instituted property. But, be that as it may, even supposing that they thoroughly understood their course, we, at any rate, have pretty nearly forgotten their understanding. And so it has come about that we have made of property a fetich; that we consider it a sacred thing; that we have set up the god of property on an altar as an object of idol-worship; and that most of us are not only doing what we can to strengthen and perpetuate his reign within the proper and original limits of his sovereignty, but also are mistakenly endeavoring to extend his dominion over things and under circumstances which, in their pivotal characteristic, are precisely the opposite of those out of which his power developed.

All of which is to say, in briefer compass, that from the justice and social necessity of property in concrete things we have erroneously assumed the justice and social necessity of property in abstract things,—that is, of property in ideas,—with the result of nullifying to a large and lamentable extent that fortunate element in the nature of things, in this case not hypothetical, but real,—namely, the immeasurably fruitful possibility of the use of abstract things by any number of individuals in any number of places at precisely the same time, without in the slightest degree impairing the use thereof by any single individual. Thus we have hastily and stupidly jumped to the conclusion that property in concrete things logically implies property in abstract things, whereas, if we had had the care and the keenness to accurately analyze, we should have found that the very reason which dictates the advisability of property in concrete things denies the advisability of property in abstract things. We see here a curious instance of that frequent mental phenomenon,—the precise inversion of the truth by a superficial view.

Furthermore, were the conditions the same in both cases, and concrete things capable of use by different persons in different places at the same time, even then, I say, the institution of property in concrete things, though under those conditions manifestly absurd, would be infinitely less destructive of individual opportunities, and therefore infinitely less dangerous and detrimental to human welfare, than is the institution of property in abstract things. For it is easy to see that, even should we accept the rather startling hypothesis that a single ear of corn is continually and permanently consumable, or rather inconsumable, by an indefinite number of persons scattered over the surface of the earth, still the legal institution of property in concrete things that would secure to the sower of a grain

of corn the exclusive use of the resultant ear would not, in so doing, deprive other persons of the right to sow other grains of corn and become exclusive users of their respective harvests; whereas the legal institution of property in abstract things not only secures to the inventor, say, of the steam engine the exclusive use of the engines which he actually makes, but at the same time deprives all other persons of the right to make for themselves other engines involving any of the same ideas. Perpetual property in ideas, then, which is the logical outcome of any theory of property in abstract things, would, had it been in force in the lifetime of James Watt, have made his direct heirs the owners of at least nine-tenths of the now existing wealth of the world; and, had it been in force in the lifetime of the inventor of the Roman alphabet, nearly all the highly civilized peoples of the earth would be to-day the virtual slaves of that inventor's heirs, which is but another way of saying that, instead of becoming highly civilized, they would have remained in the state of semi-barbarism. It seems to me that these two statements, which in my view are incontrovertible, are in themselves sufficient to condemn property in ideas forever.

If, then, the four monopolies to which I have referred are unnecessary denials of liberty, and therefore unjust denials of liberty, and if they are the sustaining causes of interest, rent, and monopolistic profit, and if, in turn, this usurious trinity is the cause of all vast accumulations of wealth,—for further proof of which propositions I must, because of the limitations of my time, refer you to the economic writings of the Anarchistic school,—it clearly follows that the adequate solution of the problem with which the trusts confront us is to be found only in abolition of these monopolies and the consequent guarantee of perfectly free competition.

The most serious of these four monopolies is unquestionably the money monopoly, and I believe that perfect freedom in finance alone would wipe out nearly all the trusts, or at least render them harmless, and perhaps helpful. Mr. Bryan told a very important truth when he declared that the destruction of the money trust would at the same time kill all the other trusts. Unhappily, Mr. Bryan does not propose to destroy the money trust. He wishes simply to transform it from a gold trust into a gold and silver trust. The money trust cannot be destroyed by the remonetization of silver. That would be only a mitigation of the monopoly, not the abolishment of it. It can be abolished only by monetizing all wealth that has a market value,—that is, by giving to all wealth the right of representation by currency, and to all currency the right to circulate wherever it can on its own merits. And this is not only a solution of the trust question, but the first step that should be taken, and the greatest single step that can be taken, in economic and social reform.

I have tried, in the few minutes allotted to me, to state concisely the attitude of Anarchism toward industrial combinations. It discountenances all direct attacks on them, all interference with them, all anti-trust legislation whatsoever. In fact, it regards industrial combinations as very useful whenever they spring into existence in response to demand created in a healthy social body. If at present they are baneful, it is because they are symptoms of a social disease originally caused and persistently aggravated by a regimen of tyranny and quackery. Anarchism wants to call off the quacks, and give liberty, nature's great cure-all, a chance to do its perfect work.

Free access to the world of matter, abolishing land monopoly; free access to the world of mind, abolishing idea monopoly; free access to an untaxed and unprivileged market, abolishing tariff monopoly and money monopoly,—secure these, and all the rest shall be added unto you. For liberty is the remedy of every social evil, and to Anarchy the world must look at last for any enduring guarantee of social order.

The Reaction and Spencer.

"Facts and Comments," Mr. Spencer's "last" book, is a depressing, pessimistic human document. In it the man,—the disappointed, disheartened, much "perplexed" man,—not the philosopher of evolution, unbosoms himself. His final message is one of blank despair apparently. He indicts the present generation, regarding it as a generation of backsliders and degenerates. Everywhere he sees reaction and retrogression. It is hardly necessary to say that there is much truth in his indictment. The reaction Mr. Spencer so bitterly and savagely assails is a fact, but it is a fact which he does not understand. His philosophy—using the term in the loose sense of the word—offers no explanation of it, and Mr. Spencer is aware of this. Hence his weariness, mortification, and disgust.

Let us glance at a few of the counts in the indictment.

In the essay on "Party Government" Mr. Spencer shows that freedom in its true sense is understood by very few, and that what is now boasted of as political freedom "consists in the ability to choose a despot, or a group of oligarchs, and, after long misbehavior has produced dissatisfaction, to choose another despot or group of oligarchs, having meanwhile been made subject to laws sundry of which are repugnant." Several illustrations of the current inability to grasp the meaning of freedom are given, and the argument concludes as follows:

> **Similarly those who, joining a trade-union, surrender their freedom to make engagements on their own terms, and allow themselves to be told by their leaders when to work and when not to work, have no adequate sense of that fundamental right which every man possesses to make the best of himself, and to dispose of his abilities in any way he pleases. Naturally, then, it results that those who represent electors who are thus vague in their conceptions of freedom, and deficient in the accompanying sentiment, must be expected to submit to party dictates, and to say by their votes that they approve things which they do not approve. For the present there is no probability of anything better, but a probability of something worse; for the retrograde movement now going on toward the militant social type is inevitably accompanied, not by relaxation of authority, but by enforcement of it.**

Parenthetically it may be remarked that in the reference to trade-unionism Mr. Spencer misuses the term "right." No man has "a right to make the best of himself"; his right is not to be hampered aggressively or interfered with in his effort to make the best of himself. In voluntarily surrendering his freedom to make engagements he is exercising his freedom to delegate his power to another. Collective bargaining, when resorted to by men free to choose, is clearly not a violation of the right to dispose of one's services or abilities. Mr. Spencer's curious notion would do away with all cooperation, all agency. But this is merely *en passant*.

In the essay on "Regimentation" Mr. Spencer refers to municipal trading and the spread of collectivism, and predicts the municipalization of all our businesses. He is appalled at the suggestion of dissatisfied workmen that "in conflict with masters the usages of war are justifiable." The chapter ends with these words:

> **Already these men [the unionists] have made themselves semi-slaves to their trade combinations, and, with the further progress of imperialism, rebarbarization, and regimentation, their semi-slavery will end in complete slavery,—a state which they fully deserve.**

So, then, there's to be an end to the semi-libertarian *régime* that the advanced nations have for a time enjoyed! And after? Assuredly rebarbarization is not the prelude to social dissolution. What becomes of Mr. Spencer's political and industrial forecasts — of the predicted (and where there is science there is necessarily prevision) "elimination of evil" and triumphant establishment of equal freedom and complete industrialism?

The truth is that Mr. Spencer and the individualists of his school have never understood the vices and evils of the present system, and its collapse has amazed and stupefied them. They imagine that it is liberty which has failed, and they scathingly denounce the average "practical man" as fit only for despotism and dependence. But it is sham liberty which has failed, and the revolt of the practical man is perfectly natural. It is even creditable in a measure, though, of course, not to his intelligence.

It is not love for subjection and regimentation which drives the workman into tyrannical unions. It is not reasoned preference for paternalism and compulsion which makes municipalizationists and nationalizationists of so many conservatives. It is hatred of plutocracy and privilege, and these live, move, and have their being in the negation of liberty. The attitude of the anthracite mine operators, so truly Bourbon, so severely logical, led thousands to advocate the seizure of the properties under eminent domain and their retention by the State. We do not know what Mr. Spencer thinks about this controversy and its settlement, but, if he shares the plutocratic notion that the principles of private property, free contract, and free industry have been compromised, he is altogether wrong. The consequences of monopoly and aggression have been repudiated, not the corollaries of liberty.

It is the same with "municipal trading." The gross abuses and scandals of private operation of "public utilities," the corrupt alliances between thieves and boodlers, the cynical disregard of public interest and convenience by the monopolies, are responsible for the present apparently irresistible tendency towards the substitution of public ownership and operation for

the present arrangements. There is nothing astonishing in these phenomena to students of democratic politics and human nature. Whether the tide can be stemmed or not is a question of comparatively small importance. The true, consistent libertarian either has foreseen these effects of plutocratic recklessness or else has sufficient hindsight to account for them. He does not despair, and he witnesses them in sorrow rather than in anger.

Certainly his faith in liberty remains unshaken. He merely has less respect than ever before for the one-sided liberty of the shallow defenders of things as they are, who declaim against further restrictions and interferences on the part of the State, but have no intention of surrendering any of the iniquitous privileges which past aggression has conferred upon them. Plutocratic violations of equal opportunity and equal liberty beget socialistic violations, but the facts of contemporary politics do not invalidate the conclusions of scientific sociology. The necessity of presenting and demonstrating anew these conclusions is just as imperative during a period of reaction as it is under conditions favorable to progress. What is, is; not everything that is is right or "for the best" in this intensely interesting, but by no means perfect, world.

Those who regard the present monopoly-ridden order as an embodiment of liberty and justice should overhaul their political economy and ethics. This would be more profitable than wailing and gnashing of teeth. S. R.

It seems that Americans are "not a law-abiding people." This discovery has been made by the New York "Tribune." Commenting upon certain remarks attributed to Miss Jane Addams, of the Hull House, at Chicago, the drift of which was that the backwardness of the great western city was due to evasion and violation of law by rich and poor alike, the "Tribune" said, in concluding a solemn argument: "If, as a nation, we are ever going to cure whatever is the matter with us, we certainly must, along with Chicago, acquire more respect for the law. Lawlessness is an almost universal disease in city and country, and there is a disposition to resent the conduct of officials who are really active for enforcement. The schools fail to teach sufficient reverence for law, and the homes fail to inculcate it. We are, in the main, a peaceful, well-meaning, well-conducted people, but we certainly are not a law-abiding people." Marvellous logic! Either the laws we fail to obey are good, or they are bad, unreasonable, and unnecessary. If they are good, how can those who violate them be "peaceful, well-meaning, and well-conducted"? Laws are supposed to be enacted in the interest of peace, order, and justice, and, on any sane theory, they can have no other object. If we are peaceful and well-conducted, what more can any one demand of us? Does the "Tribune" mean that we decline to obey vicious and superfluous laws? Hardly. At any rate, if that were the case, there would be nothing to "cure." The matter would then be not with "us," but with the foolish or pernicious laws, and they, not we, would have to be reformed. We are, in truth, not so law-abiding as the Germans, for example; but that is not what the matter with us is, and requires no curing.

One of the comrades who have faithfully kept up the fight during the suspension of Liberty is Joe Labadie, whose "Cranky Notions," appearing once or twice a week in pithy paragraphs in the Detroit "To-day," belie the eccentricity which the author attributes to them in his title, by seeking the centre of the target with well-nigh unfailing accuracy.

According to the capitalistic and authoritarian press, the State should straightway take upon itself a new duty, — that of forcing all people to associate with militiamen, whether they wish to or not.

Zola's Last Book.

The untimely taking-off of Emile Zola has prevented the completion of the latest literary task that he had set himself, — namely, the writing of "The Four Gospels," four novels under the respective titles, "Fecundity," "Labor," "Truth," and "Justice." It is only the fourth, however, that we have lost. The first two were published some years ago, and the third, finished shortly before the author's death, is now appearing serially in several languages, though not in English. Liberty, in giving below a striking passage from one of the earlier chapters, favors its readers with the first English version of any part of this notable book. "Truth" has two motives: first, the conviction of an innocent Jew, with the resultant struggle of truth's adherents to undo the wrong thus done; second, the conflict of a free-thinking husband with a religious wife over the question of their child's education. The one serves as an excuse for a dramatic recital of the Dreyfus case; the other pictures the war now waging in France between religious education and secular education. A Jewish teacher in a French public school, Simon by name, is charged with the murder of a school-boy, though the real criminal is one of a society of Brothers conducting a Catholic school. The community divides into two camps, — the Simonists and the anti-Simonists. A huge Catholic conspiracy is formed to shield the guilty by manufacturing evidence against the innocent, who is thereby convicted and sent to prison. In consequence of this verdict, the public school in the community begins to decline, and, to save it from ruin, Marc Froment, one of the most ardent Simonists and teacher of a public school in a smaller community not far away, where he has been successful in advancing the cause of secular education, is requested by his superiors to give up his post and assume charge of the school that is in danger. The request places him in a serious dilemma; if he declines, he loses an opportunity to do needed service to the cause nearest his heart; if he accepts, he must take up his residence in the community where the Catholic grandmother and mother of his wife live, thus endangering his domestic happiness and his child's future. The remarkable passage here translated into English depicts an incident typical of the situation and influential in determining his course at this critical juncture. Liberty, in printing it, intends to betoken its sympathy, not with public schools as against private, but with rational education as against superstitious. In France, unhappily, these two quite different problems are so inextricably intermingled as necessarily to divide the sympathies of every Anarchist.

On Sunday Marc was confronted with an extraordinary spectacle, which offered striking testimony in support of his reflections. He was still debating with himself, unable yet to decide upon acceptance of Salvan's offer. And, having gone to Maillebois, on the Sunday in question, to discuss the matter with a friend, he had chanced upon a grand religious ceremony, which he had the curiosity to witness. For a fortnight "La Croix de Beaumont" and "Le Petit Beaumontais" had been publishing sensational articles heralding this ceremony, and the whole district was in a fever. It was occasioned by the gift, to the chapel of the Capuchins, of a superb reliquary containing a fragment of the skull of St. Anthony of Padua, an inestimable treasure for which, it was said, ten thousand francs had been paid, the sum having been raised by a subscription of the faithful. And before the statue of the saint, for inauguration of the reliquary, there was to be a solemnity, to which Monseigneur Bergerot had consented to lend the grace of his presence. This graciousness on the part of the bishop had caused much talk and excitement in society, no one having forgotten the courage with which he had sustained Abbé Quandieu, the parish priest, against the encroachments of the Capuchins, who were coining money and winning souls on every hand. They remembered the stern way in which, at the time of his episcopal circuit, he had spoken of the money-changers, whom Jesus again would have driven from the temple. To say nothing of the fact that he had always been looked upon as a stanch Simonist. And yet he had undertaken now to bear public testimony to his sympathy with the Capuchins and their commerce by acting as patron of their shop on a solemn occasion! Had he then submitted, had he then yielded to very powerful considerations, in thus giving himself the lie, after the lapse of only a few months,— a lie that must be a severe blow to his refined and gentle common sense.

Marc repaired to the chapel, amid a considerable throng of people, and there, during two hours, he witnessed the strangest things in the world. The commerce which the little Maillebois community of Capuchins carried on with the aid of their St. Anthony of Padua had become a considerable affair, moving hundreds of thousands of francs in petty sums of from one to ten francs. The Superior, Father Théodose, with his handsome apostolic head which caused his penitents to dream, had revealed a genius for invention and management. As it redounded to his glory, he had devised and organized the democratic miracle, the domestic and every-day miracle, within the reach of the humblest purses. At first there had been in the chapel only a rather poor statue of St. Anthony, and the saint had busied himself with little save the recovery of lost articles,—his old-time specialty. Then, after a few small successes, the money beginning to flow in, Father Théodose executed a master-stroke in extending the saint's miraculous sphere of action, in applying it to all the needs and all the desires of his ever-increasing customers. Sick people who had been abandoned by the physicians as incurable, or even those who were simply indisposed, suffering from a sick headache or an attack of colic; small merchants in embarrassment, lacking money to meet their bills or knowing no way to get rid of damaged merchandise; speculators embarked in some equivocal enterprise and in danger of losing their money and their skin; mothers of too burdensome families, despairing of finding husbands for daughters without beauty and without dowry; poor devils of the pavement, weary of running after positions, and now looking to nothing less than a prodigy for the favor of a livelihood; heirs anxious concerning the intentions of some dying grandparent and desiring to have God with them to secure remembrance in the will; lazy school-boys, lack-brained school-girls, dunces certain not to pass the examinations without the aid of heaven,—sad people of every sort, incapable of will and effort, looking to a higher power for the impossible, for undeserved success, outside the logical conditions of labor and good sense, could apply to the saint, confide their situations to him, accept him as omnipotent intermediary between themselves and God, with six chances against four in their favor, statistics having established such a ratio of probability. And thenceforth the business was organized on a larger scale; the old

statue was replaced by another, grander and more gilded; money-boxes were placed everywhere, money-boxes of a new model, divided into two compartments, one for money, the other for letters to the saint, specifying the request. Of course one need not pay; but it had been remarked that the saint lent a favorable ear only to those who made an offering, however small; and so a tariff came to be drawn up, based upon experience, as Father Théodose declared,—one and two francs for small favors, five and ten for the gratification of higher ambitions. Furthermore, if you did not give enough, the saint caused you to understand it by not acting, and then the offering had to be doubled or tripled. Customers who preferred to await the miracle before paying ran the risk of never being heard. God, moreover, reserved his liberty of action, making his choice without giving his reasons, so that the contract between the saint and his customers became a one-sided obligation, the former having no accounts to render. And so this game of chance, this good or bad number drawn in the divine lottery, finally became the passion of the multitude, causing them to flock around the money-boxes, to give twenty sous, forty sous, a hundred sous, in the mad hope of drawing the capital prize,—an illicit and unexpected profit, a fine marriage, a diploma, a colossal inheritance. It was really the most impudent exploitation of human fatuity, the most shameless speculation in stupidity, in the instincts of laziness and greed, favoring abandonment of self, the idea of success due to chance, without any merit, thanks to the sole caprice of a God of irony and iniquity.

From the feverish enthusiasm of the groups that surrounded him Marc understood that the affair was going to take on still larger proportions, poisoning the whole country, with this reliquary of gilded and chiseled silver, in which was enshrined a fragment of the skull of St. Anthony of Padua. It was the latest discovery of Father Théodose, in answer to the competition of other communities at Beaumont, a swarming of statues and money-boxes inviting the faithful to try the chance of the miracle. Henceforth error was impossible; he alone had the sacred bone; he alone was in a position to supply the miracle under the best possible conditions for success. Posters covered the church walls, the new prospectus announcing the indisputable guarantee of the relic, pointing out that nevertheless prices would not be raised, and fixing the rules for keeping the enterprise in good working order, that there might be no recriminations later between the customers and the saint. And what struck Marc painfully in the first place was the presence of Mademoiselle Rouzaire, who calmly led the little public-school girls to the ceremony, as if it were a feature of the regular school exercises. He was astounded to see the tallest of these little girls marching at the head and carrying a white silk banner on which were embroidered these words: "Glory to Jesus and to Mary!" Moreover, Mademoiselle Rouzaire, when one of her pupils competed for her study certificate, made no bones of bidding her to receive the sacrament and to put two francs in St. Anthony's money-box; and, when the pupil was utterly stupid, she counselled her to put in five francs, because the saint would surely have unusual trouble in her case. She also made her pupils keep "sin diaries," and distributed good marks among them for prayer and attendance at mass. A singular secular school this public school kept by Mademoiselle Rouzaire! The little girls arranged themselves at the left of the nave, opposite the little boys of the school of the Brothers, who occupied the right, under the charge of Brother Fulgence, busy and bustling as usual. Father Crabot and Father Philibin, having consented to honor the ceremony with their presence, were already in the choir. Perhaps they wished also to enjoy their victory over Monseigneur Bergerot, for no one was ignorant of the part that the rector of Valmarie had taken in the exaltation of the cult of St. Anthony of Padua, and he triumphed in obliging the bishop to come to apologize after having been so severe upon base superstitions. And when Monseigneur Bergerot entered, followed by the parish priest, Abbé Quandieu, Marc was thrown into confusion, into a sort of shame, so plainly did he perceive their painful submission, their forced desertion, beneath their pale and serious faces.

The story was a simple one; Marc easily guessed it: a gust of madness, an irresistible rush of the faithful, which at last had carried away both priest and bishop. For some time Abbé Quandieu had resisted, refusing to put a money-box in his parish church for St. Anthony of Padua, unwilling to lend himself to what he looked upon as idolatry, as a corruption of the religious spirit. Then, in view of the scandal which he raised, in view of the solitude into which he plunged deeper every day, he had been seized with a fit of anguish; he had asked himself if, in the end, religion would not suffer by his intractability; and, in a spirit of resignation, he had had to cover the new wound with the sacred cloak of his sacerdotal office. He went at last, one day, to the bishop's palace to confide his doubt, his struggle, his defeat; and Monseigneur Bergerot, conquered like himself, fearing like himself a diminution of the church's power if it should confess its follies and its faults, embraced him weeping, and promised to be present at the solemnity which was to seal the reconciliation. But what bitterness, what secret sorrow in the two priests, the prelate and the simple vicar of the little city, united in the same faith! They suffered from their impotence, from their necessary cowardice, from this rout to which they abandoned themselves, while condemning its miseries and its shames; and they suffered still more from their sullied ideal, cast to human stupidity and greed, from the traffic in their faith, bleeding in their persons in its death-agony. Ah! this Christianity, so pure in its origin, one of the most beautiful cries of fraternity and deliverance, and even this Catholicism, of so bold a flight, a potent instrument of civilization,—in what foul depths they would end, if they must be suffered thus to descend into the most sordid commerce, becoming the prey of the basest passions, objects of speculation, brutishness, and falsehood! The worms were eating into it, as into all old things, and the rotting period seemed at hand, the final decomposition that would leave nothing upon the soil save a little heap of *débris* and mould.

The ceremony was triumphant. A whole constellation of wax candles shone around the reliquary, which they blessed and incensed. There were prayers, addresses, and canticles, amid the regnant thunder of the organs. Several ladies became ill; so stifling was the atmosphere that one of Mademoiselle Rouzaire's little girls was overcome and had to be taken away. And, when Father Théodose, mounting the pulpit, made a report of the saint's miracles, the delirium knew no bounds: one hundred and twenty-eight lost articles recovered; fifty very doubtful commercial transactions carried through to a successful issue; thirty merchants saved from bankruptcy by the sudden sale of old merchandise that had been encumbering their shops; ninety-three sick persons—crippled, consumptive, cancerous, gouty—restored to health; twenty-six girls married without a dowry; thirty women delivered of children without pain, getting a boy or a girl according to their preference; one hundred and three good places secured for clerks at the salaries desired; six estates suddenly settled, against all hope; seventy-seven pupils—girls and boys—carried successfully through their examinations, despite their teachers' predictions of certain failure; and all sorts of other favors,—conversions, illegal unions made legitimate, unbelievers turned into Christians on their death-beds, law-suits won, unsalable lands sold, unrentable houses rented. And with each fresh miracle a burning greed stirred the crowd, extorting from it murmurs of admiration. And soon a clamor of satisfied passion welcomed each favor of the saint, as Father Théodose launched it in a voice of thunder. And the scene concluded in a crisis of veritable madness, all the faithful standing, screaming, outreaching their open and convulsive hands to receive the rain of prizes drawn that fell from heaven.

Seized with anger and disgust, Marc was unable to remain longer. He had seen Father Crabot await a benevolent smile from Monseigneur Bergerot, and then engage with him in a friendly interview, remarked by all; and meantime Abbé Quandieu smiled also, with a curl of bitter grief at the corner of his lips. It was done; the victory of the Brothers and of the Monks, of the Catholicism of idolatry, servitude, and destruction, was nearly complete. And he went out of the chapel, choking, feeling the need of a flood of sunshine and pure air.

But in the Place des Capucins the saint pursued him. Groups of devotees were holding animated conversation, as was formerly the case when the throng of gambling women lingered at the doors of lottery offices.

"Oh! for my part," said a big woman, very fat and doleful, "I have no luck; I never win at any game. Perhaps that is why St. Anthony scarcely listens to me. Three times I have given forty sous: once for my sick goat, which is dead nevertheless; the second time for a lost ring, which I have not found; the third time for apples that were rotting, of which I never got rid. In short, a regular Jonah!"

"Ah! my dear, you have too much patience," answered a little old woman, dark and dried up. "When St. Anthony turns a deaf ear to me, I compel him to listen."

"How, my dear?"

"I punish him! See! my little house would not rent, because people complained of its dampness and said that children die in it. Then I gave three francs, and waited; nothing; no tenants came. I gave three francs again; still nothing. I became angry; I overturned the statuette of the saint, which stood on the commode in my chamber. And, as he still refused to stir, I turned his nose to the wall, that he might reflect. He remained a week in this position; still nothing. He was not sufficiently humiliated; so I had to look for something more mortifying to cure him of his indifference, and I put him in my night-table, where he spent another week in the same useless fashion. I was furious; at last, by means of a cord, I lowered him nearly to the bottom of the well, where he hung head downward..... Ah! my dear, then he began to understand that with me he could not have the last word, and within two hours tenants appeared, who rented my little house."

"And you took him out of the well?"

"Oh! at once. I put him back on the commode, first wiping him very clean and making my apologies. We are not on bad terms; on the contrary. Only, when one has paid, one must be energetic."

"Good, my dear; I will try..... I am having trouble with the justice of the peace; I am going in to deposit forty sous in the money-box, and, if the saint does not see to it that I win my case, I will show him my dissatisfaction."

"That's it, my dear. Tie a stone to his neck, or else stuff him into your dirty linen. He isn't over-fond of that, either. That will bring him to terms."

Marc, despite his bitterness, could not help laughing for a moment. And he continued to listen; near him he heard a group of serious men, among whom he recognized the municipal councillor, Philis, candidate of the clerical party for the mayoralty against Mayor Darras, deploring that not a commune in the district had yet consecrated itself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This worship of the Sacred Heart was another invention of genius, more dangerous than the base exploitation of St. Anthony of Padua, and intended to win France back to God. The common people still remained indifferent to it, not finding in it the attraction of the miracle, the passion of the game. But no less serious was the danger threatened by this idolatry of the heart of Jesus, of the real heart, red and bleeding, represented as in a butcher's stall, torn from the open breast, at the moment of its final palpitation. They purposed making of this bleeding image the very emblem of modern France; they wished to print it in strokes of purple, to embroider it in silk and gold on the national flag, that the entire nation might be nothing but a dependency of the church, capable, in its death-agony, of a fetichism so repugnant. Always the same manœuvre,—seizure of the country, determination to regain the crowd by the grossest superstitions and legends, the hope of plunging it again into ignorance and servitude by acting on its nerves, on its passions,—the passions of a grown child too slow in its attainment of manhood. And here again, for the Sacred Heart as for St. Anthony of Padua, the Jesuits were at work, unconsciously disorganizing the old Catholicism with their evil power, to such an extent that the new cult was gradually absorbing the cult of former times, ending in a second incarnation of Jesus, swallowing up religion in the carnal practices of savage peoples.

Marc went away. Again he felt a stifling sensation,

a longing for deserted streets, for free space. On this Sunday Geneviève had accompanied him to Maillebois, desirous of spending the afternoon with her grandmother and mother. Madame Duparque, who was suffering from an attack of gout, was unable to move about, which explained why she had not gone to the chapel of the Capuchins to do honor to St. Anthony. And, as Marc had ceased to visit his wife's relatives, it had been agreed, between his wife and himself, that he would await her at the station, for the four o'clock train. Now it was hardly past three; so, slowly and with a mechanical step, he walked to the square, planted with trees, in which the station stood, and there dropped upon a bench, amid almost perfect solitude. His reflections continued; he was utterly absorbed by an internal discussion which was to decide his course.

A light suddenly broke in upon him. The extraordinary spectacle at which he had just been present, which he had seen and heard, filled him with a blinding certainty. If the nation was suffering, if it was passing through a frightful crisis, if France was divided into two hostile parts, more and more foreign to each other, ready to devour each other, it was simply because Rome had transferred its battle to French territory. France was the last of the great Catholic powers; it alone still had the necessary men and money, the power to impose Catholicism upon the world; and so Rome was logical in choosing it for the scene of its final combat, in its fierce desire to regain temporal power, which alone would permit it to realize its age-long dream of universal domination. Accordingly entire France found itself in the position of those frontier plains, those ploughed fields, those vineyards, those fruitful orchards, where two armies meet and clash to settle some enormous quarrel; harvests are ravaged by the charging cavalry, vineyards and orchards gutted by the galloping artillery, villages blown up by shells, trees mowed down by Gatling guns, and the plain becomes a desert of death. And so the France of today is being devastated and ruined by the war within its boundaries, made by the church upon the Revolution, upon the spirit of liberty and justice, a pitiless, truceless war of extermination, the church realizing that, if it does not kill the Revolution, it will be killed by the Revolution. Hence this furious struggle, waged in all parts of the country, among all classes, poisoning all questions, fomenting civil war, transforming the country into a field of massacre, where there will soon be nothing left save *débris* and rubbish. And here lay the mortal danger, certain death, if the victorious church should hurl France back into the darkness and misery of the past and make of it one of those fallen nations that are suffering their death-agonies in the misery and emptiness with which Catholicism has smitten every land where it has reigned.

Then the reflections which had caused Marc so much perplexity came thronging back to him in a mass, as if freshly illuminated by a great flood of light. All the underground work of the church for a half-century past appeared before him: first, the skilful manœuvring of the religious schools,—the conquest of the future through the child; then, the politics of Leo XIII, the republic accepted in order to be invaded and dominated. But, above all, if the France of Voltaire and Diderot, the France of the Revolution and the three republics, had become the poor France of today, disturbed, misled, distracted, on the point of returning to the past instead of going forward to the future, it was because the Jesuits and the other teaching orders had laid hands on the child, within thirty years tripling the number of their pupils, and enlarging their powerful establishments throughout the country. And suddenly, under the impulse of its progress, the church, believing itself triumphant, and obliged, moreover, to take a definite course, unmasked its work in broad daylight, avowed its conquest, made open opposition, revealed its intention of being sovereign mistress of the nation. The whole extent of the conquest already achieved forced itself upon affrighted eyes: high social positions, in the army, the magistracy, the administration, politics, in the hands of men brought up and formed by the church; the *bourgeoisie*, formerly liberal, unbelieving, and rebellious, thenceforth aligned with the party of reaction, through fear of being dispossessed and having to yield its place to the rising flood of the people; the popular masses themselves poisoned with gross superstitions, kept in crass ignorance, in falsehood, that they might always be simply livestock to be shorn and slaughtered. And the church, growing impudent, no longer in hiding, was finishing its conquest in the light of the sun; multiplying on every hand the money-boxes of St. Anthony of Padua, heavily reenforced with advertisements and posters; openly distributing in the communes flags adorned with the bleeding emblem of the Sacred Heart; opening religious schools opposite the secular schools; even taking possession of the latter, whose teachers, male and female, were often its own creatures, working for it out of cowardice or self-interest. Now its attitude toward civil society was that of an open war-footing. It was coining money to carry on its war; religious societies were becoming manufacturing and mercantile concerns, one alone—that of the Good Shepherd—realizing an annual profit of twelve million francs, with its forty-seven thousand working women exploited in its two hundred and ten work-shops. It sold everything,—cordials and shoes, patent medicines and furniture, miraculous waters and embroidered nightgowns for houses of ill-fame. It turned everything into money; it levied the heaviest tax on public stupidity and credulity by its false miracles, by the continuous exploitation of its lying paradise, its God of caprice and malice. Its wealth was mounting into the billions; it had become mistress of immense domains, with enough money in its coffers to buy parties, to hurl them against one another, to triumph amid the ruins and blood of civil war. And the prospect of an immediate and terrible struggle rose before the eyes of Marc, who never had felt so forcibly the necessity that France should kill the church, if France did not wish to be killed by the church.....

It was certain that the struggle would centre on the primary school, for the question hinged solely on the instruction to be given to the people, destined to gradually dispossess the *bourgeoisie* of its usurped power. In '89, victorious over the nobility in its death-agony, the *bourgeoisie* had taken its place; and for a century it had retained the entire booty, denying the people its just share. Now its *rôle* was at an end; it confessed as much in passing over to the reaction, maddened at the thought of surrendering, terrified by the rising tide of democracy, which was to sweep it away. Yesterday Voltairian, when it believed itself in tranquil and complete enjoyment; today clerical, in its anxious need of summoning the reactions of the past to its defence,—it was nothing more than a piece of worn-out machinery, rotted by abuse of power, which the social forces, ever on the march, would surely cast aside. And therefore the energies of tomorrow must be found in the people; it was in the people that lay dormant the provisions, the immense reserves, of men, of minds, of wills, still sleeping. So Marc's only hope was in those children of the people confided to his care, the children who attended the primary schools, from one end of France to the other. These were the raw material of which the future nation would be made; they must be instructed for their *rôle* of liberated, intelligent, determined citizens, freed from the absurd dogmas, the fatal religious errors, so destructive of liberty and human dignity. There was no possible happiness, moral or material, save in knowledge. The teaching of the gospel: "Blessed are the poor in spirit," was a most frightful falsehood, which for centuries had kept humanity in the slough of misery and servitude. No, no! the poor in spirit are necessarily cattle, flesh for slavery and suffering. As long as there shall be multitudes of poor in spirit, there will be multitudes of wretches, of beasts of burden, exploited and devoured by the basest minority of thieves and bandits. Some day happy humanity will be a humanity possessed of knowledge and the power of will. The world, frightened and crushed for two thousand years, living only for death, must at last be delivered from the black pessimism of the Bible, and nothing was more out of date or more mortally dangerous than the old Semitic gospel still applied as the only moral and social code. Blessed are those who know, blessed are the intelligent, the men of will and action, for they shall inherit the earth! This cry now rose to Marc's lips, from his entire being, in a great flood of faith and enthusiasm.

And suddenly his mind was made up; he would accept Salvan's offer; he would come to Maillebois as teacher of the primary school, to struggle against the church, against this poisoning of the people, of which the idiotic ceremony of the afternoon was a frenzied crisis.

The Wild Bornee.

["Life."]

This is the greatest living curiosity, ladies and gentlemen and my little friends. It is so ferocious that it will go thousands of miles to kill people, and will slaughter its fellows at the command of its masters. Don't be afraid; this one is thoroughly trained. This specimen was procured at enormous expense; the color makes all the difference. The black variety is worth over a thousand dollars a head. Little brown specimens have been sold in the native land at two dollars apiece, but the Bureau of Labor at Washington calculates that the animal value of such a one as this is over one thousand five hundred dollars.

This is the only animal that builds elaborate dwelling-places, but does not live in them, and works all the time.

You observe how intelligent it looks, but its intelligence is all in its hands, for it produces its own food in vast abundance, but does not know enough to take sufficient for itself. It has enormous strength and is incredibly cruel, for it will destroy its young to please those whom it is accustomed to obey.

It spends much of its time in captivity and stuffing little bits of paper, which its master gives it, into a box, and thinks it of the greatest importance which bit it will stuff in. If it knew its power, we could never restrain it.

No matter how lean it is, it never kicks as long as the bulls and bears are fat, because it thinks the country is prosperous. It growls, but it doesn't do anything. (Twist its tail, Mr. Corner.) That's its *Vox populi*.

Its name? It is called Americanus Working Manus, or the Party-voter.

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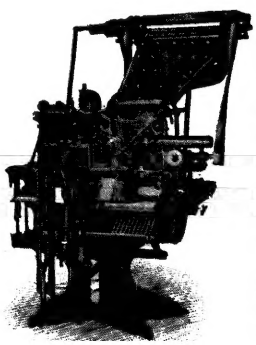

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The Ideophonic Texts are designed to furnish abundant material for forming those myriad associations of mental and organic processes which constitute the acquisition of languages. The *ideas* are presented by means of the native language of the student, and the *sounds* of the foreign language by means of the Universal Alphabet of the International Phonetic Association, as shown in the reduced facsimiles below.

German Texts for English Readers

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL Act 1. Four parallel texts, as shown in the following reduced facsimile of two facing pages. Editorial Critic: **George Hempl** Professor of English Philology and General Linguistics in the University of Michigan. 26 + 239 octavo pages. Cloth. $1.00 postpaid to any part of the world.

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL Act 2. Same arrangement as that of Act 1. Editorial Critic: **George Hempl.** Cloth. $1.00. (*Partly prepared.*)

French Texts for English Readers

LUDOVIC HALÉVY'S L'ABBÉ CONSTANTIN Part 1. Four parallel texts, similar in arrangement to those shown above. Editorial Critic: **Paul Passy** Editor of "Le Maître Phonétique." Cloth. $1.00. (*Preparation arranged for.*)

Greek Texts for English Readers

XENOPHON'S ANABASIS Book 1. Four parallel texts, similar in arrangement to those mentioned above. In the phonic text the attempt is made to represent the actual Athenian pronunciation of the time of Xenophon. Consulting Editor: **George Hempl.** Cloth. $1.00. (*Partly prepared.*)

The issuance of the three volumes last mentioned will depend somewhat on the number of the advance orders received for them. Other Series are contemplated, as of Anglo-Saxon, Chinese, Hebrew, Italian, Japanese, Latin, Russian, Sanskrit, and Spanish Texts for English Readers; as well as Series for other than English readers, as French Texts for German Readers and English Texts for French Readers.

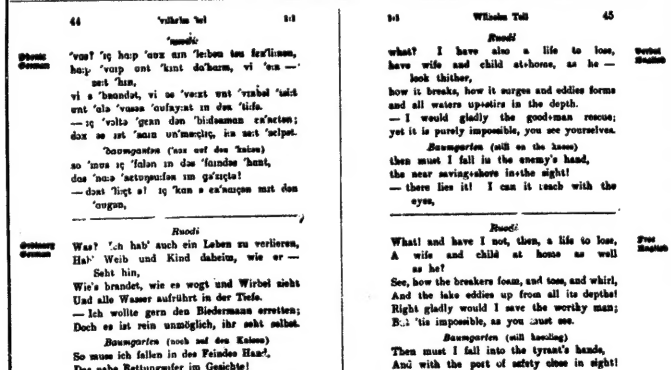
John Locke:

"And to make the reading and understanding of it the less tedious and difficult to him, let him help himself if he please with the English Translation. Nor let the Objection that he will then know it only by rote, fright any one. This, when well consider'd, is not of any Moment against, but plainly for this Way of learning a Language. For Languages are only to be learned by rote."

Edmond Demolins:

"In short, the only practical and rapid way of learning a language is to store in the memory as many words and phrases as possible. By the time a pupil has read and understood — which is easy with a translation — twelve or fifteen volumes of Latin, he knows Latin."

FACING PAGES OF "TELL"



Henry Sweet:

"Phonetics is almost as old as civilization itself... It is the unphonetic, not the phonetic methods that are an innovation."

Paul Passy:

"I was disagreeably surprised to observe that in American schools, as almost everywhere in France, they make use, from the very start, of the German characters, so embarrassing to beginners, and which there is every advantage in not taking up till later on."

Benjamin Ide Wheeler:

"Words are not words without context, motive, and life."

For WHAT
Remarkable

For Its Fundamental Principle
that languages are to be learned quite as much by Practice as by Theory: that *ideas* and *sounds*, to become sufficiently *associated* in the mind, must actually be *present* in the mind — in the right combinations — *over*, and *over*, and *over again*.

For Its System of Phonic Notation,
the Universal Alphabet of "*Le Maître Phonétique*," a journal circulated in 35 different countries. This alphabet has already been applied to about 200 languages and dialects, and bids fair to come into world-wide popular use. *After one language has been learned by it, other languages are much easier to learn.*

For Its Four Parallel Texts
always in sight, three of them corresponding, *line for line*, and *word for word*: thus securing *perfect ease of reference*. Each text is, however, *distinct* from the others: thus enabling the student to pin his attention exclusively and consciously on any one of them he may choose.

For Its Phonic German Text
giving the *exact pronunciation and stress* of each word as spoken *in the particular context in which it occurs*. Pronunciations as commonly given in text-books, grammars and dictionaries, are not only few in number and inexact, but arbitrary: *fitted to no particular context*.

For Its Ordinary German Text
corresponding *line for line* and *word for word* with the phonic German text, and printed in large, clear roman type.

For Its Verbal English Text,
a word-for-word rendering, corresponding *line for line* with the ordinary German and phonic German texts: enabling the student or instructor to find at a glance *the literal meaning of each word in the particular context in which it occurs*.

For Its Free English Text
giving *the general idea and spirit* of the German, and often a literal rendering of the lines.

The Study of Modern Languages in Boston, Mass.

(From *Le Maître Phonétique* for March, 1901)

The publication of the Ideophonic Texts for Acquiring Languages . . . shows a zeal at once rare and determined in the teaching of languages by the phonetic method. On the two facing pages appear four parallel texts of the subject-matter: a phonic foreign text, an ordinary foreign text, a word-for-word rendering of the text, and a free rendering of the text. The sounds of any language are taught by means of the alphabet of the International Phonetic Association. Students of phonetic systems are to be congratulated that the editor has not followed the usual custom of inventing a new system which they have to practice on before really starting in.

October. 1900 JAMES GEDDES, Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Boston

UNIVERSAL ALPHABET

In this table, the letters representing the *voiceless* sounds, that is, the sounds produced without vibration of the vocal cords, are *enclosed* in curves ( ).

ORGANS	Lips	Gums	Palate	Veil	Uvula	Throat
Wholly closed, then opened	b(p)	d(t)	ɟ(c)	g(k) ɑ(q)		ʔ(ʔ)
Nose passage open	m(m)	n(n)	ɲ(ɲ)	ŋ(ŋ)		
Open at sides (of tongue) only		l(l)	ʎ(ʎ)	l(l)		
Trilled		r(r)			ʀ(ʀ)	ɢ
So close as to produce friction	v(f) v(f)	z(s) ʒ(ʃ) ð(θ) ɹ(ɻ)	ʝ(ç) j(ç)	w(ʍ) ɣ(x)		ɦ(h) (h)
Very close	Rounded		y	u		
Close	Rounded		ɪ ɪ	ʊ ɯ		
Half close	Rounded		ø ɘ	ɵ ɤ		
Half open	Rounded		œ ɐ	ɔ ʌ		
Open			æ ɑ	ɒ		
Very open			a	ɑ		

ː denotes that the *preceding* sound is relatively *long*
ˈ denotes that the sounds just *after* it are relatively *loud*.
~ denotes that the sound under it is *nasal*, or produced with the passage from throat to nose open.

[ ] denote that the *pitch* of the enclosed sounds is *high*.
[ ] denote that the *pitch* of the enclosed sounds is *low*.
/ denotes that the *pitch* of the preceding sounds *rises*.
\ denotes that the *pitch* of the preceding sounds *falls*.

For WHOM
Designed

For All Students of German,
whether having private or class instruction, or studying by themselves only, who wish to *start right*, not start wrong, to be *continuously helped and corrected*, not continuously hindered and led astray, to proceed *rapidly*, not at a snail's pace, and to try the theory that *practice makes perfect*.

For All Teachers of German
(*whether teaching "Tell" or not*) who know that German can be acquired only by covering *an enormous amount of ground*; and who know, therefore, that their duty is to furnish their pupils with the most refined and powerful instruments for self-instruction which can be obtained. If not adopted as a regular text-book, this volume may be used as a *supplementary* text.

For All Students whose Pronunciation is Bad:
and the pronunciation of English-speaking students *is apt to be very bad*.

For All Teachers who are Uncertain as to Pronunciation
or rendering, or who have a local or imperfect pronunciation, and *who want standard guides*, such as the phonic text and the word-for-word rendering *for their own use* at home or in the class.

For All Students who Read Aloud:
and should students not read aloud more or less: in class and out?

For All Teachers of German Phonology
who now confine their teaching to mere elementary theory, for lack of *accurate and practical texts* on which to set students to work finding things out for themselves.

For All Students of General Phonetics and Philology,
who are interested in the structure of the German language.

HINDS & NOBLE, Publishers
31-33-35 West Fifteenth Street, New York, U.S.A.